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Holly and Easter lillies

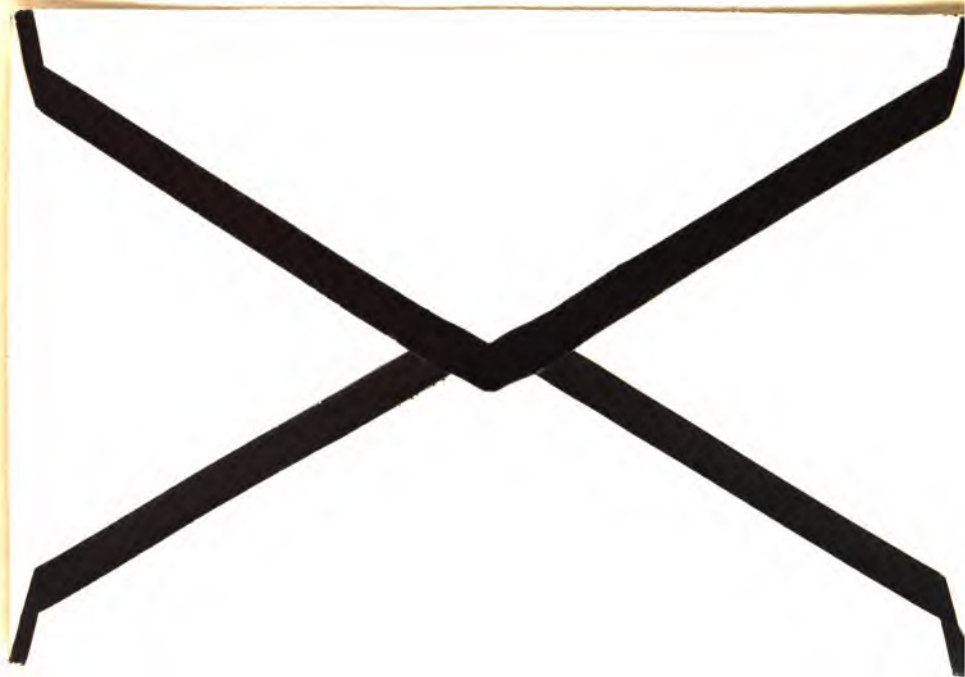
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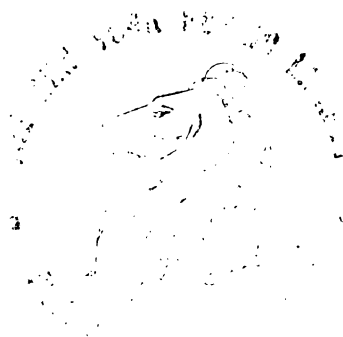


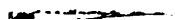
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Miss Ann M. Cannon









HOLLY AND EASTER-LILIES

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***One of a limited Memorial Edition
of the poem, Holly and Easter-Lilies.
In attest my signature, inscriptum in
meo sanguine, in hoc anno MCMVII.***

John Keats

THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF HENRY THE FIRST

BY JOHN GILBERT FROTHINGHAM

IN TWO VOLUMES.

LONDON: J. B. LIPPINCOTT, 1854.

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To
WILHELMINA MARIE



THOU who hast gone and left me to
the years

Grief-dazed and weak, who of my
works didst choose

To love this book the most, through falling tears,
I write these lines, to seek no more the Muse.

Again for me has come the Easter-time,
But no glad hymn finds echo in my breast;
So aches my heart these words I scarce may
rhyme

And Love, black-winged, stands by a silent guest.
Yes, bright and fair around me is the spring,
There shines the bloom thine eyes shall look on
never.

I watch, and saddened thoughts to all things bring,
And learn how Death, sweet Love from Hope
can sever:

O, wife the pledge thou wearest on the ring—
In the Hereafter, speak that word—“*Forever.*”

HOLLY AND EASTER LILIES.

I.



**ULL on the morn doth rise the
Easter-Hymn;
Glad words of praise this time
auspicious hail;**

**Of that event beyond the years grown dim,
Sweet living voices sing the wondrous tale.
The world's great miracle anew they tell
In joyous accents, pure and silver clear;
The tidings marvelous, exultant swell,
With words of promise, fill the listening ear.
Hark! how the thoughts inspiring buoyant rise,
As unto tribes and peoples countless sung;
The message told to all beneath the skies,
In ancient speech or fresh-created tongue—
The hymn that One Belovèd glorifies
All kindred nations, distant tribes among.**

II.



**SEE! while strains of Easter joy-
ance grow,
Three masters, holly-wreathed, look
from the wall—**

**One who the fairness of the earth did show,
One from whose lips all beauty-truths did fall,
And one who purest sang in golden rhyme—
Supreme in Art, in Eloquence and Song,
Not merely for a day but for all time,
Three masters whom the world will cherish
long!**

**But what of Him, Great Master of all men,
Who, kiss-betrayed, yet for all sorrow wept?
Who Mercy added to commandments ten;
By whose sad tomb the Roman vigil kept;
Who first appeared unto the loved one's ken;
He who awoke the chords of love that slept?**

III.



THE Christmas Holly in the wreaths
is dead;
Each crisp and withered leaf is wan
of hue,

As drops of precious blood, its berries red,
Like those that once the cruel spear-point drew.
And underneath the sad, death-conquered leaves,
Fit emblems of distrust's and fear's dark hour,
Uprises from the mold and life achieves—
Breaks into crowns the tall, white Easter
Flower.

And here the Christ filled with a love profound,
He who makes sacred still that far-off morn,
One more than all the proudest kings renowned—
The world's wide Light though in a stable born,
Who was with lilies nor with myrtle crowned,
He who wore here instead the crown of thorn.

IV.



**LOOK ! the Messiah, low in manger
laid !**

**Whose birth the gates of hope did
swift unbar;**

**To whom the shepherds adoration paid;
The Magi, star-led, came from lands afar;
Who o'er each little head fond blessings spake;
Upon the cross, between the thieves was hung;
Who with His blood did world-atonement make,
Whose name, Redeemer, is forever sung.
The Lord and Master who did suffer pain,
Who labored meek amid the cedar chips,
The learned Rabbis tasked as youth, in vain,
Who was reviled, mock-sceptered, scourged
with whips;
The Parable of Lilies here again,
Sweet words that trembled on His full, ripe lips.**

V.



O! He whose words still seek the
human heart,
Jesus of Nazareth, Mary's loved
son,

Whose fame is known in hamlet, town, and
mart,

Resplendent grown from lowliness begun.
He who would ease the laden human breast,
Rebuked the Pharisees who fain would kill;
Who on a stone needs lay His head in rest
Twixt Bethlehem and Calvary's dark hill.
O, at the door is that low summons heard—
Will now uncloset the rusted bolt and lock?
Can love and duty longer be deferred
To gentle shepherd who would lead His flock?
Rank nettles, ivy, noisome weeds, all gird
The closed door where long He stands to knock.

VI.



**WAY with all sad thought this time
of bloom !**

**Hail now, bright joy of fresh-awak-
ened spring,**

**The Easter-Lilies and the broken tomb,
When nature, one vast choir, begins to sing !
The crumbling holly tells of death, alas !
But on each limb, the bursting buds all gleam;
And warm the south winds touch the cheek, and
pass**

**In whispers soft, that benedictions seem.
So after winter's cold and driven sleet,
The blood is stirred like sap within the tree;
And ways are filled with little children sweet,
As those of whom He said, "Come unto me,"
With faces happy and with tripping feet,
Voices they raise in gladsome jubilee.**

VII.



**WITH heart aglow, with animated
voice,
In simple faith, youth greets this
sacred morn.**

**With innocence, O let the wise rejoice,
Remember not that time shall come to mourn.
Ah ! let the Easter-Hymn rise sweetly shrill,
The joyous words and music swell the throat,
Let happiness the tender bosom fill,
Clear let the mingled praises upward float.
Forget this day all bitterness and sin;
Let pain and discord in sweet sounds expire.
O, as the lilies neither toil nor spin,
But stand untroubled, in celestial fire:
The Christmas Holly maketh all akin—
Nature and man, one universal choir !**





VIII.



N trappings white, slow the white
horses come,

White is the hearse and white plumes
sway above;

White flowers upon white casket where lips
dumb,

No more shall answer to a mother's love.

And those too young to understand Death's
might,

With wondering pity in each guileless eye,

On this glad morning gaze upon the sight,

Until the last black carriage has rolled by.

Yes, hushed each voice that waged a merry
strife;

And Christmas Holly withers on the door !

But there the lilies grow with beauty rife,

There is the face of Him who sorrow bore—

"I am the Resurrection and the Life.

Behold, I am alive forevermore !"



IX.



**H, Christ, the awful mystery we
see,**

**The tireless shadow nevermore is
strange;**

**Life out of death, and death that life may be;
From death to life, life, death, in endless change.
What lies behind the veil, we fain would know;
That secret of the soul is never told;
All human pride must to oblivion go;
The graves of earth, all things of earth enfold.
O, as a meteor vanisheth, we die;
The common end doth come to one and all;
Thrones topple; yea, to low is brought the high;
The strong, the weak, the poor, the mighty fall;
In nothingness all vanities doth lie;
And time o'er time is gathered like a pall.**

X.



OR Art, nor Eloquence, nor Poets'
song,
The Pride of Birth, nor Wealth can
us avail;

Predestined to the unsubstantial throng,
Our lives shall be as a forgotten tale.
From age to age, the will of man is broke,
Not of his giving, lease, nor grant may stand,
His head must bow to take the coming stroke,
His purpose holds but as the running sand.
O, still is need of Thy sweet acts of grace,
For fear and lust yet hold the world in fee;
The merciless to pity slow gives place,
And tides of war flow like the tides of sea;
In dust of dust, o'er all the world, we trace
The countless dead who slumber still in Thee.

XI.



**AND as the holly-wreaths of Christ-
mas fade.**

**So all of brightness comes to sad-
dened close !**

**As lies the lily on the scythe's keen blade,
So lie the innocent the Pale One mows !
A flaming sword is ever at the East,
Of some lost Eden where our hope did lie,
There stands a spectre ever at the feast:
Eat, drink and merry be—to-morrow die !
O, love restores us not the vanished form,
Nor ends the grave's deep silence for our sake;
Nor cold and senseless clay to life may warm,
Though with their anguish human hearts may
break—
Thou who didst walk the wave, didst still the
storm,
No blast of trumpet bids the dead, awake !**

1

XII.



**EA, all the dead of ages slumber
still,
And their lost voices come to us
no more;**

**They rise not up, come forth on plain or hill,
Ascend to life from ocean's sunken floor !
O, still they lie forgotten in the waste,
Or stately rest amid the kneeling crowd;
They sleep, who of Death's poppied cup did taste,
Nor starry robes take for the earthly shroud !
Yea, still the dead lie in cathedral aisles,
Or under village churchyard turf are hid,
Their dusts on mountains lie, in deep defiles,
Await the call beneath the coffin lid;
Yea, crumble o'er their bones the gothic piles,
Grows old the dome, the spire, the pyramid !**

XIII.



O, Science weighs the earth and
maps the stars,

A thousand secrets doth of nature
win;

Yet pain undying throbs 'neath ancient scars,
And knowledge waits nor comes amid the din.
What harvest from new learning shall we reap—
What vision opens to the modern seer ?
Shall Love in utter hopelessness still weep,
Or Hope, triumphant, stand beside the bier ?
Behold! upon the vault Hell's grisly horde,
The beasts with cries of thunder on their lips,
And those wild riders of all men abhorred—
The moon in blood, the sun in black eclipse—
With Bow, the Balances, the Scythe, the Sword:
The awful four of the Apocalypse!

XIV.



Pleasure weaves for us a silken net,
And custom binds us with its ropes
of steel,

Into the crown of life sharp thorns
are set,

Yea, there are wounds nor time, nor science heal.
And tares and thistles stand amid the wheat,
And sham and falsehood with each other vie,
Of old and new we know not which the cheat,
Nor which a truth, nor which may be a lie.
Must priest and savant feed us stones for bread?
What race is this we gird our loins to run?
Wing we our eager feet, or weigh with lead?
With deeper knowledge shall the goal be won?
O, shall in trust, above our cherished dead,
The ashen lips repeat, "Thy Will be done"?

XV.



**H, Christ, there comes not yet to
us the key,
That Life may know what lies with-
in Death's gate,**

**And Death no answer gives unto Love's plea;
We sit in darkness, and in darkness wait.
And lo, a cry is here, a cry is there;
And all the voices speak a diverse word;
As onward to the narrow-house we fare.
The endless din, for passing bell, is heard!
O, loud we hear materialism shriek,
And anarchy return the bigot's cries!
Among the dead the living shall we seek;
The absolute in matter's changeful guise?
What knowledge makes again the dead lips speak?
Shall science teach the living to be wise?**

XVI.



**THE cross of earth we carry in the
dark,**

**Seek for the pleasure that we seldom
find;**

The marshy light mistake for sacred spark,

And stumble oft—blind leaders of the blind.

**Yet truth to reach, to grasp, our thoughts
aspire,**

We fain would out the mass of error burst,

But, in the strife unequal, oft we tire,

As men upon a desert parch with thirst.

O, sin and guilt the stream of life pollute,

And acrid sorrow doth the heart corrode;

Upon our lips is taste of dead-sea fruit,

The flesh is weak beneath its heavy load;

In sore distress we cry, or else are mute,

Faint and aweary on life's toilsome road.

XVII.



**EA, Christ, loved Son of Man, we
saw Thy cross !**

**Full hard the cross of doubt and pain
to bear;**

**What gift of Knowledge shall make up the loss,
If we to empty despond are made heir ?**

**If trust and confidence to questions turn,
When love and hope are made the sport of time;
Must in the brain all wisdom anxious burn,
And cold doubt lie upon the heart like slime ?**

O, unto doubt itself thou bringst a hope—

Unbound by selfish or by narrow creed,

That bids us mid dead formalisms grope,

That leaned on, fails us like a broken reed—

But like Thy mighty love of boundless scope.

With cross we follow where Thy footsteps lead !



XVIII.



DEPARTED long are all the ancient
gods,
The Elements know not their van-
quished race,
Their altars broken under dust and clods,
In Persia, Egypt, Attica or Thrace !
The sacred incense to them no more burns,
In vestal temple, or from hero's pyre,
Not in their name a votary returns,
To Athens, Rome, Thebes, Babylon or Tyre !
Lo, by Assyria's scorned and buried fanes,
The birds of prey, the Arab bandits wait;
Lo, shapeless mounds upon Chaldæa's plains,
Declare how mean the fallen one's estate !
In wasted Nineveh no god remains !
The squeaking bats pass through its open gate !

XIX.



**OT on Olympus Jove or Hera
dwell;**

**Athenæ, Hermes, Artemis are
gone;**

The patient Heracles, fierce Ares fell;

Apollo's horses bring no more the dawn !

Yea, gone The Thunderer, and Roman Mars,

Again old Saturn from his realm does flee;

Nor Neptune, Bacchus, drive again their cars;

Fair Venus rises not from Cyprus' sea !

Unhaunted, now, Ægina's island fount;

**From Ægean's waves the mermaids never
scream;**

Profaned Dodona's Groves and Ida's Mount;

In Hellas, nymphless flows each classic stream;

To Hade's lord no mortal owes account;

Grim Pluto is, like mighty Pan—a dream !

XX.



**HAT of the gods who ruled the
circle wan—**

**That land which Æger, Surt, did
form in runes;**

Where Odin's ravens spake, sang Freya's swan;

Land of the mid-night suns, and circled moons ?

Ah ! he who slew the giants—iron Thor ?

No mountain wight his hammer stroke appals:

The Asas give not Love, nor Peace, nor War;

Nor Odin reigns—where are Valhalla's walls ?

**Gone from the northern skies the spectral
throng;**

For aye are hushed the wild Valkyries' cries;

Idun, with youth has passed, Volund, the strong;

The wrinkled Norns no more the shuttle plies:

Ah ! lost in Vidar's silence, Brage's song;

Slain by blind Hoder, dead fair Balder lies !

XXI.



YE! what of gods in whom was
trusted most—

**Who ruled from northern seas to
southern zone?**

**As snow, "The White One," foam upon the
coast;**

**O'er Sidon's altar blocks, the grass has grown!
Whence come the fragrant Nard, Arabia's balms,
Aye! there; long years ago, their race was
run—**

**Lo! Tadmor's thousand columns mid the palms;
Behold great Baalbek's Temple of the Sun!
Superb within "The Waste" it stands apart—
Triumphant over time and wars rude shock—
Fierce Edom's palaced city, proud with art!
But temples desolate, the dead gods mock;
Nor worship, commerce, war, nor life has part,
In stricken Petra, cursèd one—the "Rock"!**

XXII.



HALL we of Tuscan shades this
question ask—

**What of thy gods to love, thy gods
to fear ?**

**Lo ! from each nature—myth has dropped the
mask—**

Their gods we see not, us they cannot hear.

Of thee, Etruria, O what one had care ?—

Helpless the Astral Five to change decree.

**Nor Earth, nor Heaven, nor Nether world they
share;**

None bow to Asherah—The Sacred Tree.

What fate upon the word of Thana hangs;

To Summanus what zealot makes his vow ?

Upon no soul the gate of Mantus clangs;

What terrors has the “King of Hades” now ?

**What Nathun’s streaming hair, and tusk-like
fangs;**

The awful Charun, with snake-wreathèd brow ?

XXIII.



H! as the Magus fed the altar-
flame,
The phantom gods depend for life
on man—

Ah! quick the boastful pride is brought to
shame—

As with the mortals, short their being's span!
Nor Persia of the Parsee's god accepts—
Malignant Ahriman is but a shade;
By Oxus' mountain waters, Zagros' steppes,
The Iran lights on Ormuzd's altars fade!
Lo, where the risen sun flames in the East,
Stand nameless temples built to gods unknown;
Not there to keep the sacred fires, the priest;
The chant of passing wind is heard alone:
Yea, in each desecrated fane, the beast
Her litter watches, but the gods are flown!

XXIV.



**EA, gone are Asshur, Nebo, Bel and
Ra;
And Merodath no longer worship
knows;**

**The Slabs of Vul, Euphrates, Tigris gnaw;
Astartes' wings the burning sand o'er flows.
Not now for Tammuz sound the Byblus' lyres,
And ended is pale Kronus' feeble sway;
To ashes turned are savage Moloch's fires;
And Baal, the Lord, and Baaltis—where are
they ?**

**Ah ! where Phœnecian Sadyk's golden shrines ?
Their ancient splendor faded in the gloom.
Where now the haughty gods' unbroken lines ?
Their royal pride the common earths entomb:
The sun for Ammon, Phthah, no longer shines;
Khem, Neith, Osiris, share the endless doom !**

XXV.



WHAT the gifts the uncrowned
gods can give—

Since of their grandeur time has
made a theft ?

The wild gazelles the lion-god outlive—
Black-bearded Nergal is of power bereft.
And he, The Sovereign, the regal Sin ?
High o'er his fane the Sivan moons grow full;
The goaded ox beholds, great, fallen Nin—
In vast Persepolis, the Wingèd Bull !
In solemn Karnak's court, the living asp,
Upon dead Athor's crown its image sees.
Where lotus-roots the jaws of Savak clasp,
The watchful crocodile lies stretched at ease;
And desert lizards, as the stone they grasp,
The crescents watch from Isis' broken knees !

XXVI.



AREWELL the myth-gods of the
nations' prime—

The morning twilight faith's titanic
breeds;

All dim they stand beyond the gulfs of time;
Nor scald nor lyrist sing again their deeds.
A message from the gods no god may bear;
Naught know the dead ones of our loves or
wars;

All vanished they of water, earth and air—
The multi-rulers who were sun and stars.
What one in Asgard to the race shall speak?
Behold, the pantheons have run their course!
Who now the oracles at Delphi seek?
The wingèd circle has nor power nor force!
Ah! where the fabled Leukè of the Greek?
In Ragnarok the myth-gods of the Norse!

XXVII.



**ROUND the ruined Pæstum graze
the sheep;**

**High over Ephesus the eagles
soar;**

In Mycenæ, upon Colonna's steep,

The pæan of the worshipper is o'er.

And images lie prostrate mid the stones—

Yea, as the mortals, time the gods destroy !

Departed all, and vacant are their thrones.

In Carthage, Sardis, Ur, Corinth and Troy !

Ah ! dim-eyed with its watching is the Sphinx,

Nor sees again the olden mystic rite;

The sacred Ibis still of Nilus drinks,

But Ra comes not to end Egyptian night—

The ancient faith into oblivion sinks;

Man ever seeks a wider, clearer light !



XXVIII.



WHAT of all the Teaching of the
lands—

**The Wisdom of the East, the West-
ern sage ?**

**O what of noble minds and fettered hands,
That rose above or scorned a despot's rage ?
O what of those who struggled to be free,
To lose desire, to be in action's van—
Who heard the moaning of a boundless sea,
The hidden deeps within the heart of man ?
O what of Stoic, Cynic, Sophist thought,
And Epicurus', Zeno's, Plato's goal ?
The faith which Brahmin, priest or hermit
taught,
Where Ganges, Tiber, Tigris, Nilus roll ?
O those who lived and died, and toiled and
wrought,
To shame, subdue, exalt, the flesh and soul !**

X X I X .



**ID they, the Stoics, teach us how
to live—**

**How from life's galled wounds to
take the smart ?**

Shall apathy alone true safety give—

And dead to passion must we make the heart ?

Yea, this we learn, we cannot conquer law;

We know the destinies must run their course;

Nor benefit from fate to us shall draw,

Weak wishes, fear and anger, vain remorse !

O must we smother pity, love's clear flame;

Subdue the tender thought that with us strives;

With reason cold, the ardent impulse tame;

And unto callous precepts shape our lives ?

Yea, courage still pale cowardice doth shame—

With virtue armed, shall Lazarus fear Dives !

X X X.



ERE one from Gargettus of stately
mien,
In manner grave with ever charm-
ing smile;

**Whose eager followers all lands have seen;
In Hellas known and in each Grecian isle.
That one whose words disclose the balanced
mind;
For thought and action show a golden rule;
Old happy lover of the human kind;
The Advocate for Pleasure in Life's school !
Behold, mild Epicurus, crowned with vines,
Whose gentle words are sweet as sound of
flutes !
Behold, how life and death lie in this wine;
What changing fire across its surface shoots:
God-like its drinkers are; as Circe's swine—
Above the mortals; lower than the brutes !**

XXXI.



H, wan Pythagoras within his
cave—

When fresh returned from out the
world of shades !

Or with the wide command that learning gave,
In meditation mid Tarentum's glades !
O, what from Samos' native shall we learn—
From subtle words spake to a gaping crowd ?
Shall we to him as silent pupils turn;
In selfish wisdom, grow astute and proud ?
What of the courted Sophist who did rank
Among the gods, and free was held from blame ?
The winning-voiced we saw Crotona thank
In sacred temple, blazoned with his fame ?
He whom in chance or hazard drew no blank,
Who made of life one vast Olympic game ?

XXXII.



ND old Diogenes, housed in a
tub;
Who walked in rags as he were king-
ly garbed;

And splendid Alexander dared to snub;
His Cynic's tongue with keenest satire barbed?
Yea, he that, dog-like, snarled at human kind;
And yet of gratitude did learn the sweets?
That with his lantern sallied forth to find,
An honest man in Athen's crowded streets?
O from what bondage freed the world this
slave—

Antisthene's strange pupil, loved the more?
This one from Sinope, half god, half knave,
Who smiled at stripes, nor gathered wealth, nor
store?

Who asked a common ditch might be his grave—
And stood, a bidden guest, at Phryne's door?

XXXIII.



**FROM where Girgenti's marble columns stand,
That one who died in Ætna's flames
now see—**

**A poet-sage from Theron's sunny land,
Empedocles, the vain, of Sicily !
He whom in mind and body climbed the slopes,
In purple clothed, with golden sandals shod;
Who saw that mind with matter ever copes,
This sphere believed he more than once had trod.
Yea, he of Agrigentum who unfolds,
In flowing verse, the Samian's ancient creed;
The thought of man's high destiny upholds;
In lowest life discerns a deathless seed;
Proclaimed the force that lies between the poles
Of life and death; the power of thought and deed !**

XXXIV.



EE now of Alcibiades the
friend;

The wisest one in Hellas known
too late;

He whom to Xenophon advice did send,
And with Euripides conversed of fate.
He whom in fickle Athens once was guide;
The noble teacher of a noble band;
O see, in conscious right and simple pride,
Calm Socrates before the Tribunes stand !
Behold the pale disciples moved to tears;
The aged master, smiling on death's brink;
His goaler how with kindly word he cheers;
Nor from decree of gods nor man will shrink—
Behold him resolute, nor prey to fears,
All tranquil from the cup of hemlock drink !

XXXV.



BEHOLD that sage was called the
Attic bee;

Whose dream Republic lives with-
out a flaw;

He who combined and spake the thought of
three;

A federation of mankind foresaw !

Behold the chaste one, he of flower-like speech,
That through a maze of truth and error roves;

He that a bright immortal life did teach;

With Hope once walked in Academus' groves !

Aye, here is Plato, who would break the seal,

That doth the secrets of the tomb confine;

Aye who a wisdom of the gods would steal—

A knowledge of the sciences divine !

From laws terrestrial to life reveal

The laws celestial of a full design !

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XXXVI.



O, Aristoteles, from Ægean's
shore;

Who twice ten years did list the
ancient voice,

Who art did study less, and nature more,
Of worth and pleasure made the wiser choice!
Lo, he of Stagira, acute and keen;
Beyond the gods who looked to know of cause.
Who from each field of truth did knowledge
glean,

And master was of logic's iron laws!
Lo, he whose face deformed the gods had made;
For Pythias who asked, with insane pride,
Those rites of worship unto Ceres paid;
Like Philip's son for realms to conquer sighed;
He whom the vanquisher himself had swayed;
Nor would the empire of the mind divide!

XXXVII.



WHAT of those withstood the
shining lure;
Each sage who strove to live the
thought of worth.

Or meek or humble, peasant-born or poor;
The kings, the emperors, the great of earth ?
Lo ! he who cried, "Am I a bitter gourd ?"—
The old Confucius, exiled from home;
And that wise prince who laid aside the sword—
Aurelius, "The Just," who taught in Rome !
O pass away the false, the useless creeds—
Let error perish, truth shine like the sun !
As still expand and grow our human needs,
Lost he no thought, or noble action done !
Gotama Buddha for Nirvana pleads,
For Life Eternal, Christ, "The Lowly One" !



XXXVIII.



HOUGH faiths, philosophies, beliefs,
may change,
Nor finite mind the infinite can
solve,

In widening circles and in broader range,
The thoughts of man around his fate revolve.
O, not the priestly rage, the worldly sneer,
Nor poison, faggot, chains, the sword's sharp
tooth,
Makes man forsake, less love, the less revere,
The Infinite, Eternal, Mighty Truth !
Behold ! across the ages strides the train,
The world-redeemers whom the world denied,
A multitude for right or conscience slain,
And on the cross of blindness crucified !
Not these, not these, O Christ, have lived in
vain—
The noble martyrs who for truth have died !

XXXIX.



OT by the griping rack, the breaking wheel,

Shall man's desire to know be backward turned;

Nor Pilate's jest, nor Torquemada's zeal,

Shall quench a light within the soul discerned !

The Pagan's virtue Nearchus could not quell;

Nor living torches Christian courage shake;

A splendor shines from Galileo's cell;

Heroic Bruno triumphed at the stake !

O much it taught, the cry of woe that rang,

Where red the Inquisition's flames up-curved;

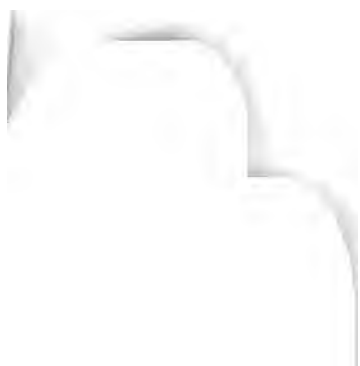
The mighty fortitude that met each pang,

Where Nero's victims to the beasts were

hurled—

The faith that in the circus praises sang,

In that proud mistress who enslaved the world !



X L .



ILL not the cherished dogma useless
grow—

**The falsehood pass, the living truth
remain ?**

**When Selfishness and Ignorance shall go—
Then will not Love and Justice come to reign ?
Yea, helpless still to conquer man is hate—
We see the future shown us by the past !
What though Tyrants have in judgment sate—
Those ones were murdered victors are at last !
Undaunted still Truth sees the jeering crowd;
Nor fears though kings or prelates my condemn.
Lo, once again, The Master, gentle-browed;
The simple ones who touch His garment hem:
O, not the great, the arrogant, the proud,
Shall dim the star that burns o'er Bethlehem !**

XLI.



**EA, still in splendor burns that
golden star,**

**That to the Magi did a message
bear;**

Yea, still its light, a guide, we see afar;

Beneath its rays mankind all perils dare!

O, see those Holy Ones who voiced the psalms,

Where under Asian skies the cliffs are piled;

**Whose prayers were heard by Sceti's desert
palms;**

Whose cells the fox sees in the Theban wild!

Behold the Hermit Saints of Rhine and Gaul;

The Island Monks amid the Northern Seas;

Behold the Huguenots rise from each fall;

And Luther, fearless, read great Rome's decrees;

Nor Holland unto Alva would be thrall;

And Piedmont see—behold the Waldenese!

XLII.



**NOT by Persecution's sword and
fire,
A benefit The Cause of Christ shall
gain;**

O there shall triumph fail in its desire—

Yea, England see, and Italy, and Spain !

O let with Charity be sown the seed:

**Behold stern Cromwell's wrath still Mercy
shames;**

Not to His service Moor nor Jew did bleed,

He in Geneva, Florence, felt the flames !

**O what gains Christ from Truth crushed in the
bud;**

The throat of Justice held in mailed glove;

Or still if Russia build His Church on blood;

And the dead law the Spirit puts above ?

Ah, see Compassion with a glory flood

The Life of Lives, the key to which is Love !

XLIII.



HE might of loving, Christ reveal-
eth us—

May we that lesson in its fulness
learn;

O, falsely speaks that tongue and slanderous,
That doth to menace Thy sweet preachments
turn !

From out the clay and mire Thou liftest up,
Thou mak'st us feel within our breast the Good;
Yea, all unseen, Thou com'st with us to sup;
We feel the joy of noble brotherhood.

No; not that we are only lost and vile—

We feel a virtue on our foreheads sealed;

Within our hearts a strength that is not guile,

A will that bids us not to baseness yield:

Our lives and thoughts, O may they not revile

The Christmas Holly, Lilies of the Field.

XLIV.



**BEHOLD the Lily's heritage of
grace,
In unstained fairness rising from
the ground;**

**Ah, Christ, so radiant, we see Thy face,
Thy simple life with mystic beauty crowned !
O living flower, set in the lifeless mould,
Thy petals from us occult virtues keep;
O sweet communion with thee let us hold,
Walk by still waters, fountains clear and deep !
O miracle of life and wondrous form;
Thy argent sheen the inner fires reveal;
No taints of earth thy grace or hue deform;
Immaculate thy beauty makes appeal—
Ah, so may Christ's own science sin transform,
The Soul's deep wounds may God's sweet justice
heal !**

XLV.



**O, as at morn a dove that upward
springs,
Bathes glad its plumage in expanse
of light,**

**So we, within Thy love, O King of Kings,
Behold a dawn that follows after night.
The weary soul doth ever near Thee draw;
The broken-hearted come to Thee for cure;
All tenderness and just Thy simple law;
Thy life, all spotless, as the lilies, pure.
Yes; love shall triumph, blameless Prince of
Peace;
And one by one the creeds of hate decay!
Thy gentle message gives the world release,
As time moves onward to a clearer day:
O may Thy loving conquest never cease,
As all the future ages roll away!**

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REST.



ND has it passed—a year with all its
pain;

Its weary hours become but things
that were?

One year! Yet, though the seasons come or
wane,

This mine alone—a grave, an empty chair.

And here is March, the month that saw thy
birth,

That stilled, alas! thy voice, and closed thine
eyes.

But what to thee is time, or grief, or mirth—

Oblivious to all beneath the skies?

O swift the moments pass, O slow they creep—

The brain a chamber where loved shadows meet.

And I, this hour, may laugh, or sing, or weep;

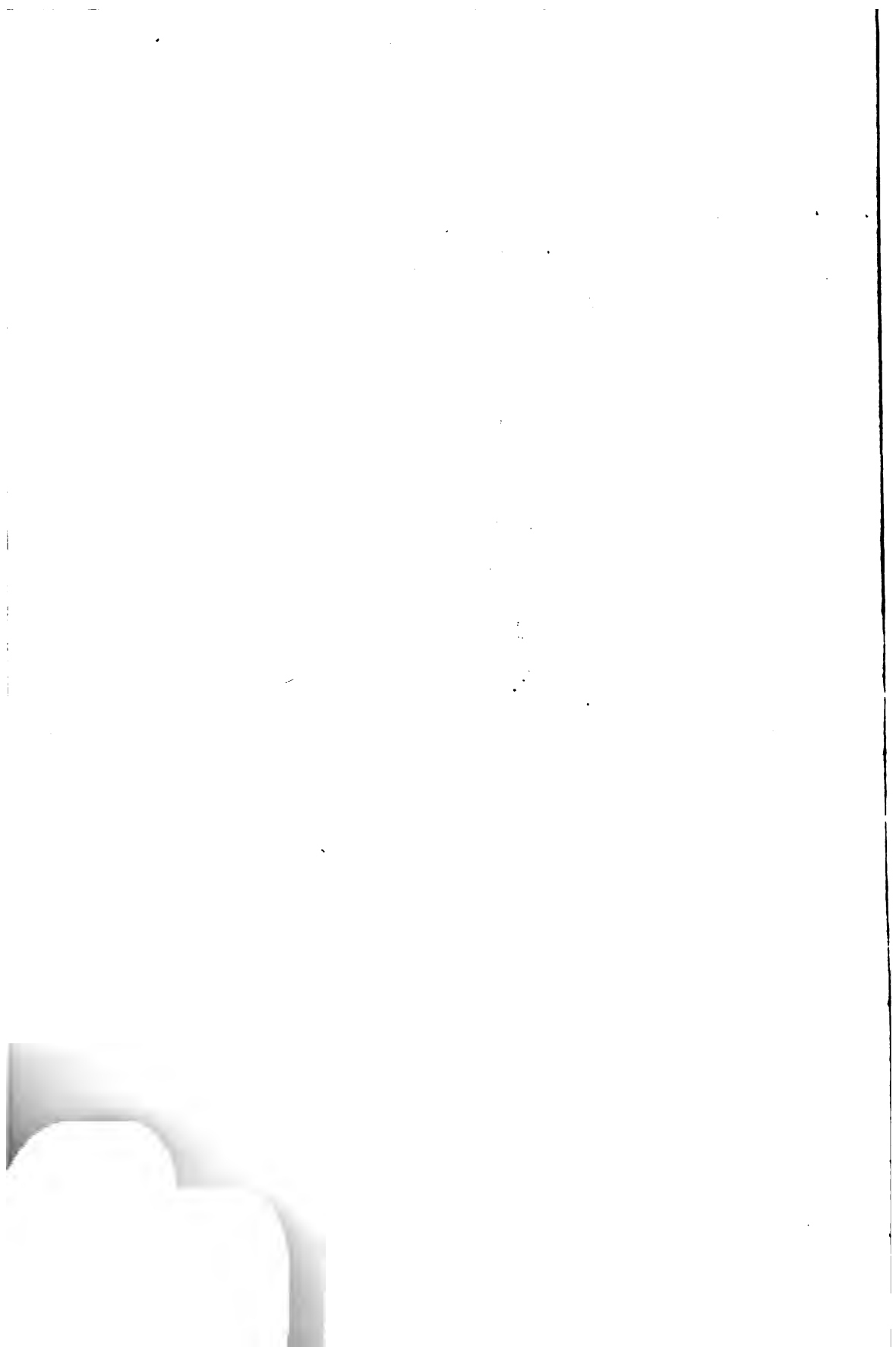
My heart may quiver; slow my pulses beat.

But thou? O, passionless, O calm thy sleep;

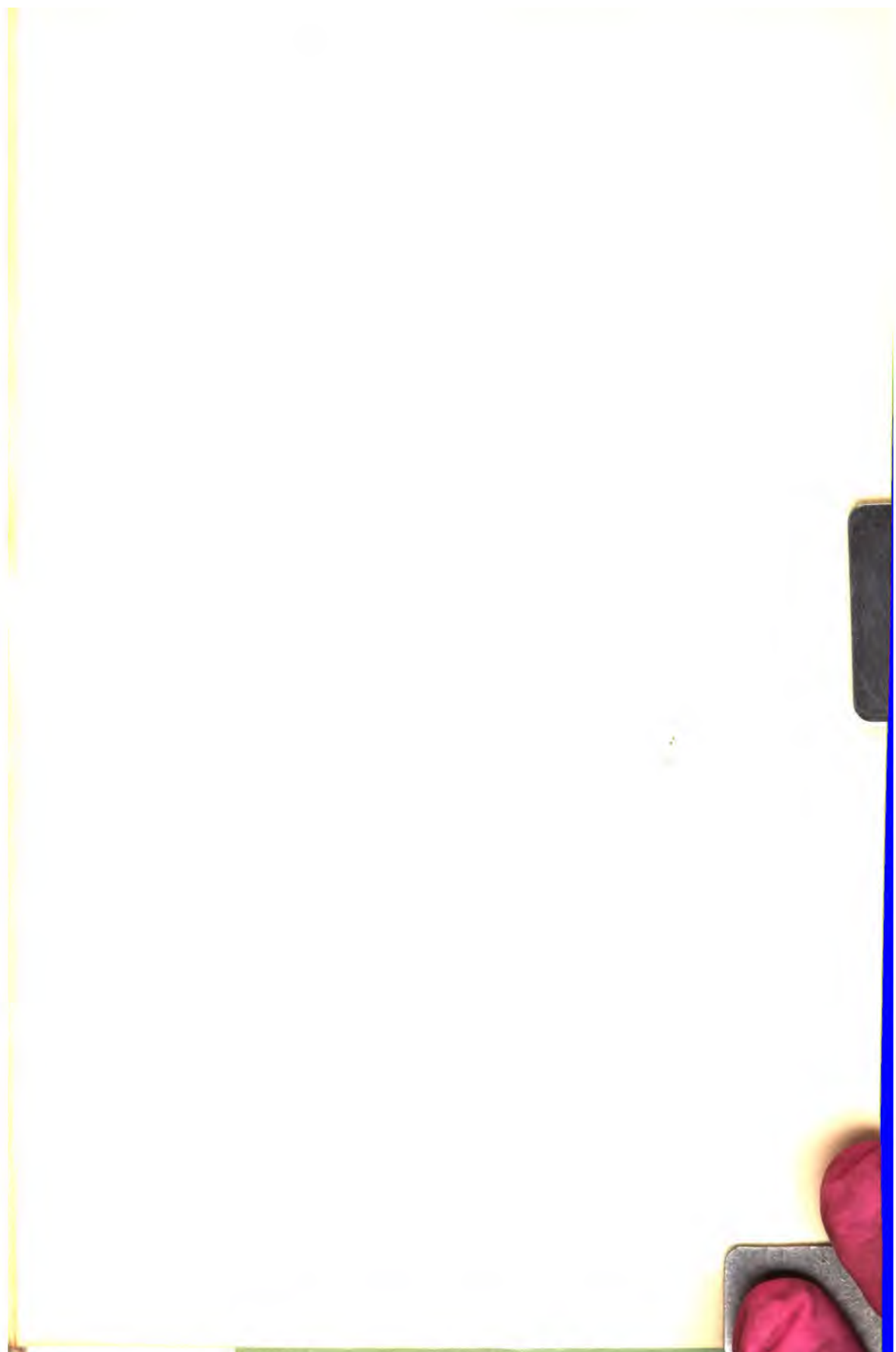
At thy head holly, lilies at thy feet.











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